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DRAWER 28

POETS

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with F

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

LINCOLN'S HANDS

The hands -- oh, the hands of Lincoln!
Big strong tender hands, far-reaching;
Tough hard calloused hands
From the ax in his youth.
Hands steadfast and firm,
Holding courage and truth.
Warm comforting hands
That clasped and held tight,
Bringing heart to the weary,
To dull eyes bringing light.
Ah, these were the hands
Which, in the nation's dark night,
Bespoke the great soul of Lincoln!

---Elizabeth Fahrner

Sent by Judy S. B. B. B.

George B. Fairhead

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT.

"A lean, strong babe in
frontier cabin home,

OLD GLORY MUST FLOAT (over)

"O say! Do you know that
Old Glory must stay---

"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI,"

THIS VOICE, RINGS, FROM

"THE HILLS,"

NOT, FROM "STAR CHAMBER,"

"ME TOO" ISM.

Let us follow the RIGHT,

as God give us to see, the RIGHT,

LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT.

[An acrostic by George B. Fairhead, Ilion,
N. Y., late lieutenant, One Hundred and Seven-
teenth New York Volunteers, and past chaplain
Department N. Y., G. A. R.]

A lean, strong babe in frontier cabin home,
B orn to a true, pure mother's fondest care,
R ich in deep love for God, and freedom's cause.
A mirthful, pensive, honest hearted lad,
H e grew to real freeman, sturdy, bold,
A s in sheer grit and ardent soul he sought
M an's fealty to a real self, to truth and right.

L ife's youthful hours, to him, were choicest gems,
I nciting all his powers to studious search.
N or loitered he in poverty's dull vale,
C onscious that a real hero soul can win,
O'er every obstacle, a triumph grand,
L eading a soul to its tall dignity,
N igh to the mark which God ordains for man.

P oise and calm thought possessed his patient soul,
R age nor revenge e'er ruled his radiant heart,
E ach friend was held, while warring clans were
won.

S traight to his aim he followed, boy and man,
I nto the hero's path where honor's crowns
D escend. 'Twas thus he led fair freedom's hosts,
E ntwin'g all in Columbia's brotherhood.
N ext to "Immortal" George God placed "Old
Abe"

T o rear anew Sweet Freedom's arch,
and place Old Glory there.
Washington and Lincoln, Old Glory's
most glorious sons.

*This was condensed to
this form Feb 1-8-
1909.*

Fairhead, George B.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

" A lean, strong babe in
frontier cabin home"

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Feb 1909

Fairhead, George B.

Abraham Lincoln, President

"A lean, strong babe in a
frontier cabin;"

Abraham Lincoln, President

Adm + youth

Manhood

Manhood

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N ext to "Immortal" George, God
placed "Old Abe";
T o rear anew Sweet Freedom's arch,
and place Old Glory there!
Washington and Lincoln Old
Glory's most glorious sons!!

ABOUT BEN ADHEM, REVISED

Abraham Lincoln (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night, with a deep yearning for
peace;

And saw within the silence in his room,
Making it rich with Freedom's holy bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Abiding truth and right had made Abe
Lincoln bold;

And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised
its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love
the Lord."

"And is mine one?" quoth Abraham. "Nay,
not so,"

Replied the angel. Abraham spoke soft,
calm and low:

"I pray thee write me as one, with honest
ken,

Who loves the truth and right, and serves
his fellowmen."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next
night,

It came again, with rarer, hallowed light.
And showed the names whom love of God
has blest.

And, lo! Abraham Lincoln's name led all
the rest.

—George B. Fairhead, Utica, N. Y.
Pat. 177484 72611-1933

Fairhead, George B.

Prof

Abou Ben Adhem, Revised

"Abraham Lincoln (may his tribe increase!)"

LINCOLN INSPIRES GEORGE B. FAIRHEAD

Writes Two Stirring Poems on Martyr President

Two poems have been composed by George B. Fairhead, the well known G. A. R. veteran who served as a lieutenant in the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York Volunteers in the Civil War, in honor of Abraham Lincoln. The first of the two poems is a paraphrase of the famous poem, "Abou Ben Adhem" and the second is an acrostic on "Abraham Lincoln, President."

The two poems follow:

Abou Ben Adhem, Revised

Abraham Lincoln (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night, with a deep yearning for peace;
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Making it rich with Freedom's holy bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
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And to the presence in the room, he said:
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And, lo! Abraham Lincoln's name led all the rest.

Lincoln's name led all the rest

Portrait of Lincoln

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

Though his kind face I did not see,
Yet well I know his patient smile,
For every portrait speaks to me
Of one whose native honesty
Stooped not to guile!
Though his kind face I did not see,
Even his likeness speaks to me,
Of visions earth could not defile;
For love and faith and will had he,
Through prayer he held our land in
fee,
Fragments again to unity
Did reconcile.

Janet Fairleigh-Stone.

Christian Science Monitor

2/12/26

Farnum, Mary V.

WHAT WOULD LINCOLN SAY?

"What message would he have
if he were here Today?"

WHAT WOULD LINCOLN SAY?

What message would he have if he were here
Today? How would he feel about a peace
Which leaves the world engulfed in greed and fear?
Would he remind us that, tho strife may cease,
Diverse opinions always rise again,
That it takes time to break war's hard-set mold,
And we are not a patient race of men?
I think he would not use new words, but old:
"Malice toward none and charity for all."
They are the arrows pointing to the way,
The trumpet's note, the bugle's clear, sharp call;
Perhaps we hold them as of yesterday,
But to the world they are a beacon light,
A strong and healing hand, a song at night.

Chicago Tribune 2-16-46 Mary V. Farnum

SO GREW A LINCOLN.

From out of cracks such brave things grow;
A flower sweet, a tuft of grass,
Sometimes a tree from bare split rock,
Its roots spread out in tangled mass.
No kindly rains have nurtured these,
They have not known the feel of space;
They fight for food and learn to live
On the chance crumbs that reach their place.

From out of cracks a Lincoln grew.
He did not ask rich gifts from life,
But faced the world with steadfast faith
And carried on through bitter strife.
From out of cracks come fine, strong things
That stand above the rest like kings.

Mary V. Farnum.

Chicago, Ill.
2/18/40

Farnum, Mary V. WHAT WOULD LINCOLN SAY?

"What message would he have if he
were here Today?"

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What message would he have if he were here
Today? How would he feel about a peace
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But to the world they are a beacon light,
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Mary V. Farnum

LINCOLN AND PRAYER.

With certainty the warring countries say,

"Our cause will win, for God is on our side."

So sure they stand supreme to rule the tide,

That God as well as man must go their way.

But Lincoln, kneeling humbly and alone,

While blood of dying men turned red the sod,

Prayed that his country learn the ways of God,

Asked only that His plans for them be known.

The nations go their lordly way, the bars

Of hate and greed lie black against the dawn,

But still the rhythm of the earth goes on,

And overhead look down the quiet stars;

Teach us to pray, as Lincoln did, dear Lord,

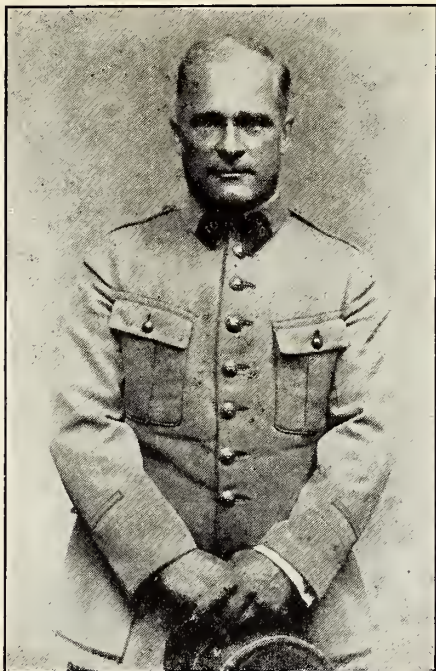
That men may live in peace, not by the sword.

Chillicothe 7-12-41 Mary V. Farnum.

Poetry

A Tribute to Our Soldier-Poet

By the Rev. Dr. George Albert Simons



Major Harry Webb Farrington

THE CHRISTLY MINSTREL

. In Memoriam

A splendid gift of God was he
To all of us, and like a lark
He sang while winging high and free
From dawn of Life's brief day till dark.

His Christocentric note was pure,
He knew in whom he had believed;
To him the God in Christ was sure,
His gift of song from Christ received.

While slaves by sin enchained abound,
Through love and grace Divine are freed,
His Christ-inspired songs shall sound
As happy Amens skyward lead!

—George Albert Simons

Published by the
FARRINGTON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Hon. President
Dr. Edwin Markham, President
Dr. Walter R. Bowie, Vice President
Rev. Thos P. Potter, Secretary
Miss May A. Hansen, Treasurer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Dr. George Albert Simons
Dr. J. Stanley Durkee
Dr. Francis B. Upham

HEADQUARTERS:

Office of Major Edward D. Cray, 24 Broad Street, New York City

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In his all too brief life of fifty-one years this choice spirit achieved a very unique career, full of romantic experiences and gracious evidences of divine guidance. "He was a splendid gift of God to all of us", says Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. "Not many great, not many mighty knew who Harry Farrington was or what high purposes he was serving," wrote Dr. James R. Joy in his editorial tribute to "The Soldier-Poet" in *The Christian Advocate*. "But he was writing on the hearts and minds of children and youth lines of which no word need be blotted—except with tears!" Of this Christly minstrel Bishop Frederick T. Keeney says: "His was a soul with an ardent white life, a heart responsive to human contacts and overflowing with passionate love." Dr. George B. Tompkins, Superintendent of the Brooklyn North District of the New York East Conference, to which Major Farrington belonged, has paid this lovely tribute to his sainted colleague: "Personally I feel that his perfectly conceived, perfectly expressed Harvard Hymn of itself puts the stamp of genius upon him and places all of us under a debt of gratitude to him and to God who gave him to us."

Harry Webb Farrington was born in Nassau, British West Indies, July 14, 1879. His parents were William Gilliland Farrington and Emma Fletcher nee Russell. The Farringtons and Russells settled in the Bahamas from England. Harry was brought to Baltimore in November, 1879. His mother having died in his infancy, he was early thrown on his own resources, not even knowing his own family name. In "Kilts to Togs", an autobiographical novel that appeared shortly after his death, Farrington narrates the American Odyssey of a British orphan from four to twenty-one, wandering through his city, rural, industrial and educational life until at the preparatory school in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, he finally discovered his long lost relatives.

The biggest thing, however, in his life was his early conversion concerning which he has given this testimony in his book, "Rough and Brown": "As a lad of eleven, at an old-fashioned revival service in the Methodist Church at Darlington, Maryland, I knelt in sincere and tearful repentance at the altar, and while they were singing that old hymn, 'My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear,' when they came to the line: 'With confidence I now draw nigh, and Father, Abba, Father cry', Heaven opened as it must have for Stephen, and Christ spoke to me and I uttered, perhaps inaudibly, an expression like 'O, I am so glad to meet you!' I know and everyone there that night knew that something had happened to me. I had been born from above."

But for that clear-cut religious experience Farrington could not have developed into the Christocentric character that he was, nor could he have proved himself to be "a splendid gift of God" to unnumbered souls, young and old, here and abroad.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Darlington, Md., and felt called to become a Methodist preacher. He worked his way through Dickinson Seminary and Syracuse University where he won fame in football and basketball. Here he served as Assistant in Psychology and logic for one year. He continued his education at Boston University (S.T.B., '10) and spent three years in graduate study in Harvard University, earning his M.A. in Philosophy and Education, and teaching there one year as assistant and special lecturer in Philosophy.

A local preacher since 1903, he now felt the urge to devote his entire time and strength to the ministry. Having served student charges in the New England Southern Conference (1910, South Middleboro, Mass., 1911, East Bridgewater, Mass.) he was appointed in 1913 pastor at East Dedham in the New England Conference. Coming under the observation of Dr. Edgar Blake, Corresponding secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools, Farrington was sent as Field Secretary to Gary, Indiana, to organize and direct an experiment in the week-day religious instruction of public-school children. There he taught 30' hours a week all grades from kindergarten through high school, dovetailing the church-school program into the periods of the school program allotted for religious instruction at the request of the parents. The first Protestant in the field, he welcomed the representatives of other religious bodies, helped them to start their work, and became the Chairman of the Protestant forces.

It was really the experiment "mother" in the week-day church school, and as the widely acclaimed pioneer in this successful adventure in religious education, Farrington was naturally in great demand as adviser all over the country. He continued this kind of church school work in New York City, repeating the week-day experiment after school hours at St. Andrew's M. E. Church and Calvary M. E. Church (1917-1918).

Upon America's entrance into the World War, Farrington's plans were abruptly changed. He went to France for the Foyers du Soldat, and so eminently successful was his work among the French troops as Athletic Director at the barracks in Lyons (1918-1919), that he was given an honorary life commission in the 7th and 10th Cuirassiers. (Cuirassier de Premiere Classe"

carries the French rank: "Marechal de Logis, Adjutant au Colonel," which in the American Army would correspond nearest to "Major").

"But Farrington's chief distinction," quoting our sainted Dr. William V. Kelley, "is the title generally conceded to him of the POILU POET. He sings from the trenches and the camp and the fighting front, from the heart of the war—sometimes, like a bird, perched on what is left of a tree that has been shot to pieces by machine guns. But everywhere he sings—he does not croak or scream. Also he sings from places grim and dire where nothing artificial could live a single moment; nothing but reality is here! His poems are the reaction of a healthy undesponding spirit, almost blithe and serene, inspired by a faith which soars and sings above all fury and Schrecklichkeit." And thus the war developed Farrington's rich vein of poetry, purest gold that had cropped out in his Harvard days, when clearly under the divine inspiration of a Christocentric experience dating back to his boyhood conversion and call to the ministry, he had created the Harvard Prize Hymn entitled "Our Christ":

OUR CHRIST

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe
Could in the Godhead be;

I only know the Manger Child
Has brought God's life to me.

I know not how that Calvary's Cross
A world from sin could free;

I only know its matchless Love
Has brought God's love to me.

I know not how that Joseph's Tomb
Could solve death's mystery;

I only know the Living Christ,
Our Immortality.

(From "Rough and Brown"—Copyrighted)

Because this beloved Soldier-Poet was very sure of God and of Jesus Christ as a divine and personal Saviour, whom he knew not through logic, history, or dogmatic theology but through personal experience, he was able to produce such a masterpiece as "Rough and Brown," which Dr. Fred Winslow Adams and other literary critics have pronounced to be the greatest poem that came out of the war.

ROUGH AND BROWN

There walked the Son of God today,
Along the altar of His shrine;
Men saw Him as they stooped to pray,
And felt Him through the bread and wine,
The silver cup was shining bright,
The linen cloth was clean and white,
But as the plate was handed down,
They saw the bread was rough and brown.

There came the Son of God one day,
To worship at His Father's shrine;
Men saw Him drive the thieves away
Who profited in doves and kine,
His righteous eye was shining bright,
His seamless robe was clean and white;
But as He cast the tables down,
They saw His hands were rough and brown.

There walks the Son of God today,
Along His world's last battle-line;
Men see him as they stoop to pray,
And find Him human, though divine.
His saddened eye is shining bright,
His robe, though torn, is clean and white;
But men thank God that He sent down
A Son, whose hands were rough and brown.

(From "Rough and Brown"—Copyrighted)

Upon his return from France he served as Assistant Pastor at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, (1919-1920), and as Director of Education for the Methodist Child Welfare League, (1920-1923). Seven years ago, down in Old John Street, Bishop Luther B. Wilson, Dr. Francis B. Upham and Harry Webb Farrington held a brief and prayerful council, the result of which was his transfer into the New York East Conference and appointment as Lecturer on Religious Education and Social Ethics (1924-1928). He was a member of the Quarterly Conference of the Old John Street Church, New York City.

After returning from France he was invited to recite his experiences in thousands of public schools. He illustrated these talks with his own poems. Without remuneration he spoke to over three million school children throughout the United States at the invitation of principals. His dramatic addresses on "Washington the Servant", "The Liberty of Lincoln", "Roosevelt the Righteous", "The Faith of Franklin" and Joan of Arc made a profound and lasting impression on teachers and scholars alike because of their appeal for world friendship and for spirituality. This was probably the most outstanding piece of civic work ever done for the schools of America by one man. From Boards of Education and Superintendents of Schools everywhere came expressions like these: "The city owes you a debt of gratitude. You are making real to our boys and girls, as no one else could, the priceless foundations of liberty and freedom." "The zest, the beauty, the wholesomeness and the idealism you left with us are incalculable." "Farrington is doing a great work for Americanization." "Farrington is doing a fine service in expressing the idea of patriotism in its higher and wider reaches and in pressing the personal responsibility of every

person to keep 'fit' in every way as Christian citizens." "Farrington is doing a remarkable work in meeting the school children of New York City and reading from his poems. Few people have put across high ideals to youthful audiences with the effectiveness which characterizes Farrington's work. His influence on the rising generation cannot be over-estimated."

Everywhere he appeared in his uniform as a French officer, but before he was through his audiences usually saw a strong soldier of the Cross and a real American patriot who had qualified as a citizen of the world.

Endowed with a prolific creative mind, Farrington was steadily at work, his magic wand producing in his last year a remarkable amount of poetic material of high excellence. A cycle of twenty-one hymns chiefly devoted to the missionary cause, peace movement, and the nineteen hundredth anniversary of Pentecost was published by the World Peace Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church last August. This cycle he used to speak of as "My contribution to the ministry of my Church." "The Span of Youth", one of the last poems he wrote, was dedicated to the work of the Y. M. C. A. among the boys of the financial district in New York City. He has left behind him in manuscript form for future publication four volumes of poetry for children; a long poem of 1900 lines for young children, called "Your Poets, Youth"; a fragment of 880 lines of a poetic life of Christ, called "The Minstrel of God"; and plans for the revised sixth edition of "Cher Ami" containing many new poems for children; and for the fourth edition revised of "Rough and Brown", containing many new religious poems.

On July 2nd Harry Webb Farrington met with an accident that was destined to snuff out the flame of a candle that might have burned brightly for a score of years or more. Putting his hand lightly on the guard-rail on the porch of Elim Cottage, Ocean Grove, New Jersey, to ask if anyone below wished his newspaper, the railing suddenly gave way, and he fell and fractured his spine. He was taken to the Ann May Hospital at Spring Lake, New Jersey, where he underwent two operations. On September 2nd he was removed to the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn, New York. While entirely paralyzed and without acute sensation or the least motor control below the arms, his mind had suffered no impairment and he was able to resume part of his literary work.

He revised considerable poetry, prepared his last book, "Kilts to Togs," for the press, dictated

many letters, read a number of new books (Luc-
cock's "Jesus and the American Mind" being the
last), received numerous callers, and up to the
close still cherished the hope of recovery through
faith in the Divine Physician and medical treat-
ment.

The last lines he wrote three weeks before en-
tering Life Eternal have in them the passion for
service so marked in his character, and the glad
certainty of the home beyond. In his poem, "Your
Poets, Youth", commenting on Vachel Lindsay's
tribute to General Booth, his pencil stopped with
these words:

Then the stars of heaven came lower and lower
And formed a stair for the aged sower
Above the thump of the pounding drum,
And a bright star beckoned with "Come, O Come!"
And when he came to the crystal door,
He heard the drums of those gone before,
Then halted and held the portals wide
Till his marching children were all inside,
Singing the song of the Kingdom Come,
With the slum's bum, bum of the pounding drum,
Claiming the camp prepared for them
In the fields of the new Jerusalem.

No wonder that Dr. Calvin W. Laufer wrote of
him in the *Presbyterian Advocate*, "His writings
are characterized by religious insight, moral
grandeur and prophetic fervor. To meet him is a
spiritual tonic; to read him is an inspiration."

In his last letters to friends as well as in
conversations with those calling on him at the
hospital, Harry Webb Farrington repeatedly
mentioned the fact of having Christ's blessed
presence and the comforting uplift of the Holy
Spirit as something indisputably real in his in-
nermost consciousness.

When on Sunday afternoon, September 28th,
Dr. Francis B. Upham and the writer paid Farr-
ington a visit, a beautiful thing happened that
eloquently proclaimed the exalted place of the
cross in his thinking and living. The position of
his bed between the window and the bureau
enabled Farrington to see reflected in the mirror
a part of Brooklyn and the harbor. He requested
Dr. Upham to look in the mirror and asked him
"What do you see?" "Why, I see a cross on a
Church steeple." "And what else do you see?"
inquired Farrington. "I see, in the distance, the
Statute of Liberty." With a beatific smile on his
countenance Farrington remarked, "Francis, we
always need to keep the cross between us and
liberty!" "And you are always the poet, Harry!"
was Dr. Upham's felicitous rejoinder.

During a four month's heroic fight for life,
with heavy odds against a recovery in spite of

all that medical science could do for him, he never murmured nor showed signs of depression. Most tenderly he spoke of all, with wit as quick and humor as ready as ever. A celestial serenity pervaded that hallowed upper room in the Methodist Episcopal Hospital where his beloved colleagues, Dr. James E. Holmes and Dr. Chester C. Marshall, faithfully and unstintedly ministered to his varying needs.

On Saturday night, October 25th, 1930, Harry Webb Farrington entered upon the fuller and happier life above. The last stanza of his poem "The Seven Words" might well be quoted here:

Give our death a glorious end,
Heaven and earth to merge and blend;
All to Thee we do commend,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

It was fitting, for various reasons, that the funeral services were held in Old John Street Church, New York City, and conducted by the pastor, Dr. Francis B. Upham, who was assisted by Dr. Mark Wayne Williams and the writer. Mrs. Mildred Caldwell sang four of Farrington's hymns: "Kind Light, Illumine Bethel's Stone," "We Tarry, Lord, Do Not Depart", "Dear Lord, Who Sought at Dawn", and "I Know Not How That Bethlehem's Babe" (the Harvard Prize Hymn). The interment was at Pine Lawn Cemetery, Long Island, where the writer, assisted by Dr. Ralph Emerson Davis, officiated at the committal service.

Harry Webb Farrington is survived by his widow, the former Dora W. Davis, who is Associate Professor of English at Hunter College and whom he married in June 1920; a sister, Miss Agnes L. Farrington of Newton Centre, Mass., and a brother, Faris Farrington of Marathon, Florida. Mrs. Farrington's parents were Methodist missionaries in India. "It is to my wife, Dora Davis Farrington, that I owe most, not only for her indispensable literary help, but her constant encouragement to give form to the sounds and colors that have come to me, and her daily inspiration that has given my message the atmosphere of spiritual reality that I desire for them." Thus the Soldier-Poet spoke of his gifted helpmate in his ministry and literary work (Preface to "Rough and Brown").

To his friends he left as a heritage a memory of a vital and winsome personality gifted with a genius for warm friendship, and endowed with a sense of humor that was refreshingly boyish and naive. With a sense of their loss comes also the inspiration to carry out the plans and dreams of one who is destined to live in the singing hearts of our English Christian communions everywhere!

THE LIBERTY OF LINCOLN

Beloved Lincoln! Liberty
Incarnate lived and bled in thee;
Thy bed has been the soil and sod,
Thy horny hands felt stone and clod.
Thy human heart and modest mind
Touched men of every rank and kind.
None were so high that thou wouldst bend,
Nor low that thou wouldst condescend;
Thou didst not see the hue of skin;
Like God, thine eyes were turned within.

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So in the great on-coming years,
As men from both the hemispheres,
From every continent and race
Shall turn their steps and set their face
To this great land of liberty;
Give us thine eyes that we may see
Men not as yellow, black, or red
Pale white, or olive, brown; instead
To see their worth; their dignity
Of human personality.

—H. W. Farrington.

Lincoln.

Lincoln, the savior of a human race
From bondage's savage lash and bar-
b'rous chain;
Of thee we speak, and sound thy
praise again.
Thou couldst not in thy noble heart de-
base
Mankind to serfdom, and the Father
face
In innocence; nor cool and boldly feign
To sympathize with evil for rich gain
Of power. Nor didst thy virtuous life
disgrace
With flattering words condoning wrong.
Thy wisdom guided well the Ship of
State,
Which safely plowed thro' treacherous
seas, along,
And anchored her within the golden
gate
Of Liberty and Union. Then proud song
Arise to Lincoln—ever wise and great.
FREDERICK HERBERT FERGUSON.

(This sonnet was written when Mr.
Ferguson was a pupil in the old Central
High School. The teacher, Miss Mary
Ripley, gave it a high mark, and it ap-
peared in The Buffalo Express on Feb-
ruary 12, 1881.)

Buffalo Ex 2-7-89

More Truth Than Poetry

By Oscar H. Fernbach

HE, who Columbia deep reveres,
Today turns back along the years
Three-score and five, that he may scan
A truly great American;
Who, scorning greed, or selfish art,
The Nation harbored in his heart;
Who from the thought of class was free,
Whose motto was: Humanity.

O'ER roads that wound through blackest
night
He led his country to the light;
Of brothers' war he sheathed the blade;
Of States a lasting Union made
To dwell beneath the Stripes and Stars—
Of strife he sought to heal the scars,
And, in the end, for Truth was glad
To give his life—'twas all he had.

ABE LINCOLN! Were you here today,
Your noble soul the hands might sway
Of them who, blinded by their greed,
Upon the toil of children feed.
To thousands liberty you gave,
You broke the gyves, and freed the slave—
Oh, come once more, and hear our prayer:
From little hands the fetters tear!

See January 1900 2-12-25

Lincoln Memorial

WHEN you look at Abraham Lincoln sitting there,
A stone Kentuckian umbered in Hellas,
Can you hear the muscle chant of the Asian slaves
Tugging the sun from the sea before the sunrise?
Do you stare an hour against the blue Aegean
Waiting more timber cutters out of Egypt
To sing the lamentation of their meadows
Into the fluting of their Parian marble?

The marble blocks are moon blocks olive-silvered.
Patience! The slaves are overdue from Samos;
Four ships tomorrow from our four-citied Chios!
The blood of helots cools along the levers,
The salt of helots stiffens in the coils
Of rope binding the cylinders of stone;
The muscle chant is moon-set in the lime.

When you look at Abraham Lincoln sitting in
A house the sea-slaves builded long ago,
Do you turning stare beyond the wide green trees,
Over the roofs, the singing distances
Where the prairies are, and the rivers, and the
mountains?

Do you say with a whisper crossing many rivers:

America, are there no visible forms
Of beauty risen from your earth to which
These dead have gone and those who led them down?
Is only the chant of slaves too beautiful?
Only their agony to be repeated?

— Thomas Hornsby Ferril

Forum - May 1931

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

When you look at Abraham Lincoln sitting there,
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These dead have gone and those who led them
down?

Is only the chant of slaves too beautiful?
Only their agony to be repeated?

Dated May 30-1931

THE classic shell that houses the statue
of Lincoln displeases the poet of *The
Forum*, who finds for him some more
American shrine:

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

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Can you hear the muscle chant of the Asian slaves
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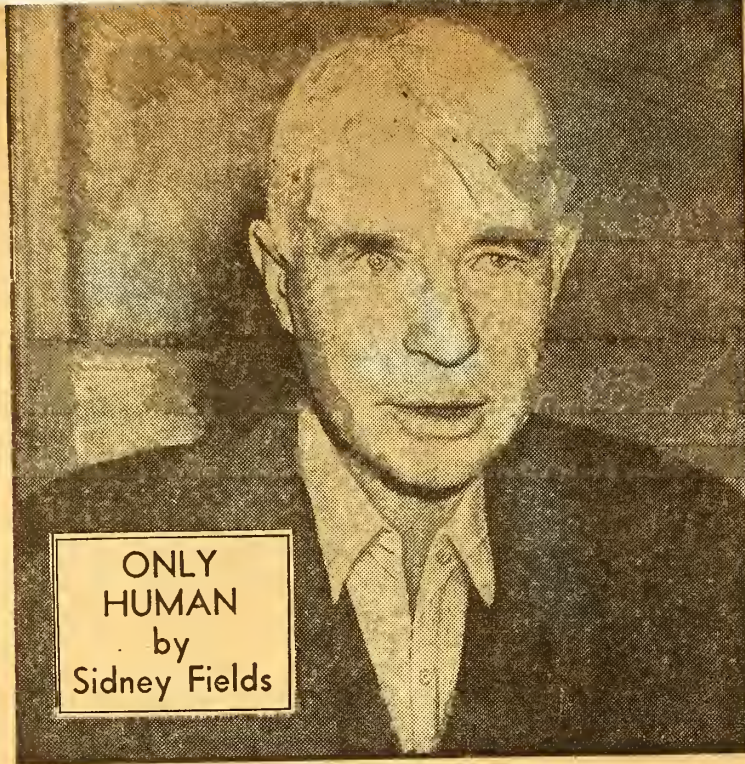
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These dead have gone and those who led them
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ONLY
HUMAN
by
Sidney Fields

TODAY IS ABE LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Lincoln, with the gnarled hands, the sadness, and the dry humor.

The Emancipator, who gave the Nation a new birth of freedom,

And was chalked up as a date on a calendar, remembered with

*Relief by harried teachers and schoolboys bent on holiday,
Growing dimmer, like his new birth of freedom,
Down the path of receding time.*

*This is Carl Sandburg, who gave Lincoln back to the people.
The poet who wrote poems like Psalms,
With an ear tuned to the weariness, the fever, and the fret
of men;*

*The poet who lived with every remembered breath of Lincoln
for 20 years;*

The poet who deciphered a poet.

SHOULD you ask Carl Sandburg for a song of himself
He would say: "Why, that would be melancholy reading."
He is America's troubadour, son of the carpet prairie;
With the hard, white hair, and the voice like soft, halting thunder,
Majestic in its roll;
With a guitar and the earthy sound of the sod and the racy talk
Of the teeming cities on his tongue.
He can spin a song or a tale from the commonplace
And the counterpoint of life that is life.

HE KNOWS its melody and its harshness.
He learned them:

Watching his father in the railroad blacksmith shop;
Himself meeting the dawn from a milk wagon,
And moving scenery around a stage,
And driving a truck and house-painting.
All perhaps because they left him to his thoughts
And closer to the stars.
And he went to the wars, the Spanish-American war,
And saw blood on men and on the moon.

HIS schooling had been scarce.

So he went indoors to books.
He was a Mayor's secretary and wrote for newspapers
And fashioned his poems.

"The People, Yes," he wrote.

"Hog butcher of the world," he called Chicago.

They were shocked at this drawing man with the hard tongue
And words running from the flesh and fibre of America.

"I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes," he wrote.

(over)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You drank the gall and
wormwood of deceit
And drained the bitter tankard
with a jest;
Life held the torch, and laughed
at your defeat,
As ruthless fingers set the
stinging crown.
Yet no laughter, nor the barbs
of hate,
Could swerve your steps from
certain agony.
Your path was hewn from
granite rocks of fate;
A nation's heart lay bleeding
in your hand;
While patient eyes explored the
gaping wound
And reverent faith pursued the
only cure.
Lesser souls than yours would
have doubtless swooned
Had they beheld the half of
what you saw!
You bore a cross for all the
world to view;
Men licked your hands and spat
upon your feet!
Time has proved what the
brooding ages knew;
A giant walked among us,
while we slept!

—MARGARET NICKERSON
FIELDSTEEL.

LINCOLN

By WALT FILKIN.

His life was like a tow'ring pine
Which high above its fellows stood
The light it gave will always shine
As every great conviction should.

His soul was as a ship that's tossed
Upon an angry ocean's breast.
At times he felt his fight was lost—
His heart though strong was sore distressed.

Yet as a firm and mighty rock
He there endured life's storms and rain.
It mattered not how great the shock
No ear e'er heard his voice complain.

With burdened soul he daily stood;
With fortitude he bore his share.
How is it that a man so good
Should have a load so great to bear?
(Copyright, 1925, by the Journal-Post.)

*Kennett
A. E. Post 2/12/25*

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

By WALT FILKIN.

Today we honor as we should
Because of that great man and good
Who headed this great nation when
It needed most of all true men.

He though despised kept faith and sought
To do the right while others fought;
While soldiers every battle gave
Their lives the government to save.

His path was hard, his friends were few,
His critics legion; each day through
He knelt and prayed God's blessing for
The hope and strength to win the war.

He prayed that right should be his aide;
That every sacrifice then made
Should be a step toward victory;
His war was not to set slaves free.

To save the union was his aim.
He did this and he gained a name
Which some have given highest place;
This man who bore the kindly face.

To Lincoln's memory we raise
Our heartfelt gratitude and praise.
He sacrificed his life, his all
That this great union might not fall.

W.C. Jones Post 2-12-29

The Liberator.

(Saint Gaudens' Lincoln, Lincoln Park,
Chicago.)

By Horace Spencer Fiske.

Uprisen from his fasced chair of state,
Above his riven people bending grave,
His heart upon the sorrow of the slave,
Stands simply strong the kindly man of fate.
By war's deep bitterness and brothers' hate
Untouched he stands, intent alone to save
What God himself and human justice gave:
The right of men to freedom's fair estate.
In homely strength he towers almost divine,
His mighty shoulders bent with breaking
care,
His thought worn face with sympathies
grown fine;
And as men gaze, their hearts as oft de-
clare
That this is he whom all their hearts en-
shrine—
This man that saved a race from slow
despair.

The Lincoln League.

The Lincoln League is good and great.
It seeks to purify the state;
Likewise it wants to run the thing
And make Saint Lorimer its king.

The Lincoln League is pained to see
Suspicion cast on such as he.
All men who love Old Abe, they cry
At once to help Saint Bill should fly.

If ever at some future time
I should rob hen roosts and my crime
Were noised about until men came
And looked at me with eyes of flame,

Would I slink off, abashed and red?
Not on your life; with high held head
I'd hide those chickens on the shelf.
And start a Lincoln League myself.

—George Fitch.

LINCOLN'S STORY.

WHEN Lincoln was a little boy,
He was very, very poor,
His home, a rude hut made of logs
With no window nor no door.

Beside the open fireplace,
In winter evenings cold,
He worked out his arithmetic
On a shovel with charcoal.

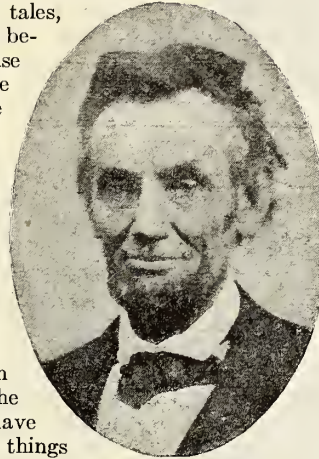
He studied all the time he could,
His books were old and few,
He read them all so many times
He knew them thro' and thro'.

Kind to the aged and the poor
A cheerful word for all,
He learned to be both wise and good;
Loved by the children small.

When people saw him, wise and kind,
Honest and good and true—
And made our Lincoln president—
He ever right did do.

Susie L. Fitz, in Primary Education.

THE poets are the soothsayers and the final judges. The poets foretell and assay, have the first word and the last. If you have time to read only the one, read poetry and not the newspapers. For the poets tell the true travelers' tales, though they are not always believed at first. This is because poets are people who realize more than other people the unspeakable loveliness of the world in which we live and try to speak it. First they love, then they appreciate and last they tell in simple words that go to the root of the whole matter the thing they love. Because there is so much to love about Lincoln, the poets have not done talking about him yet; and because some of the poets who are still young have said true and memorable things about him, I want to bring some of their great sayings to your attention.



Only thirty-six years ago, there was a boy born in Little Rock, Arkansas, John Gould Fletcher, who has written one of the great and majestic poems about Lincoln. Like many other poets, nothing less than a magnificent tree will serve for a comparison:

"Like a gaunt, scraggly pine
Which lifts its head above the mournful
sandhills,
And patiently, through dull years of bitter
silence,
Untended, and uncared for, begins to grow.

"Ungainly, laboring, huge,
The wind of the North has twisted and
gnarled its branches;
Yet in the heat of midsummer days, when
thunder-clouds ring the horizon,
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

"And it shall protect them all,
Hold everyone safe there, watching aloof in
silence;
Until at last one mad stray bolt from the
zenith
Shall strike it in an instant down to earth."

I THINK if you came across that passage in the Old Testament you would not think it out of place. The poem goes on, growing more and more majestic, but in this short article I want only to throw out hints of the poetic wealth garnered to honor our great martyr

The Wellspring -
14 Beacon St - Boston

Flaster, Karl

GRIT, Williamsport, Pa.
February 9, 1958

THIS 'N' THAT



Abraham Lincoln, steadfast soul, who saw the truth of freedom whole. Who fought the fight that must be fought that freedom should not come to naught. Yours was a just and humble mind, filled with a love of humankind. Yours was a sad and troubled heart, that North and South be torn apart. Now, this great country is as one: Each creed, each race—a native son. Spirit of Lincoln, in this hour, imbue our statesmen with your power. Lead them a straight and honest course that will not compromise with force. Teach them that no one party's good outweighs man's final brotherhood. Tell them that for the common weal our moral strength must match our steel. That all of us, with one accord, should don the armor of the Lord.—Karl Flaster.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Born midst poverty and hardship
in a log hut, old and gray,
Little Abraham, they named him
On one February day.
Worked, and studied, in the back-woods,
How to serve his fellowman,
With the Bible and his lawbooks,
Made a wise and honest man.

Met his first and dearest sweetheart
Underneath a blossom tree,
Sweet and fair as any angel,
And as lovely as could be.
But love's sunshine came and fadeth,
When her evening sun went down,
And true love that never dieth,
Spurred the lonely statesman on.

O'ft he said, I must be ready
When that day of mine shall come,
I will put an end to slavery,
And the Victory ~~will~~ be won,
Soon the people got to know him,
Showed their warm and lasting proof,
Little did he know, some day would
Live, under the White House Roof.

Triumphed o'er his greatest burdens,
Met each problem face to face,
And whatever was his portion,
Prayed and bravely held his place.
From his lips immortal words came,
Saved our country from defeat,
221 - ~~He~~ the great emancipator,
We his name, ^{memory} keep.

If we only had more Lincolns,
What a better world 't 'would be,
Love and kindness for each other,
Peace for all humanity.
Rose from poverty to greatness,
Occupied the White House chair,
Cherished in the hearts of millions,
Loved by people everywhere.

Thomas R. Flett

411 N. Ballard
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Abraham Lincoln

By James W. Foley

Poem to Commemorate the Presentation of a Statue of Abraham Lincoln to the people of Norway by the people of the state of North Dakota

A man, rough-hewn, cast in heroic mold
The sculptor chisels from enduring stone,
With coarse carved lines and lineaments and bold
And set upon a pedestal—alone.

Carved from the stone, a rock to raise the Right
Upon, as Liberty her edifice
Founded on him, and found in him the Might
To close a chasm, bridge a precipice.

A rock the storm-lashed waves beat on in vain
And seas of blood, assaulting, fruitless roll,
The allied thunders of the Mount and Main
Reverberate but shake not that calm soul.

Mighty, a monarch, Nature wove his crown,
And Justice framed his edicts, Right his throne;
Love shaped his heart and through the ages down
He lives, a deathless memory, in stone.

The storm breaks, the fire-freighted lightnings play
Forth to the storm his kingly mandates ring,
Abashed, the unleashed furies slink away,
The waves roll back—supreme he stands, a king.

Unmoved, inflexible and stern as steel
The sullen tempest dies before his will,
His hand falls nerveless, dead, that holds the wheel,
The Captain stricken as the sea grows still.

An empty clay beneath an honored sod,
A laurel wreath upon a slab of stone,
A god-like soul restored again to God,
A figure on Fame's pedestal—alone.

—By permission of the author.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

With common touch
The great American
Who said
"God loves the common people
He made so many of them."
Who's only biography
In his own words were
"The short and simple annals of the
poor."
The kindly man
Who's soul was fed
Everlastin sorrow
In the death
Of his first love
Ann Rutledge.
That quaint man
"Honest Abe"—
Who's honesty
Often baffled.
Ever jesting
To divert
His tortured mind.
For daily bread
Who shouldered his axe
In simple dignity.
Who traveled
His belongings
Tied
In an old
Bandana kerchief!
Who as captain
In the Black Hawk War
Knew not how
To deploy
His company
Through an open gate!
Who's clean living
Belied his coarse jokes
From toil and privation
His character strengthened
To an understanding of
"Why should the spirit of mortal be
proud."
His favorite poem.
Who disappeared
His wedding day—
Fearing his temperament
Might not make
Mary Todd happy.
Convinced otherwise
Mary Todd—
(Who loved fine clothes)
In borrowed wedding dress
Hastily married
The great American!
She, with ambition
For him
Thought he should be President
He laughed.
Did this prophecy
Lead him to decline
The Governorship of Oregon territory
In 1849?
His debates
With Douglas
Brought the countryside
On foot
And horseback
In their buggies—
They swarmed
To hear the back woodsman
Whom his enemies
Called a baboon—
But to those who sought his aid
His was a countenance
Of great beauty.
Lincoln in the White House

In slouchy pantaloons
Seeking John Hay
To read some funny story
Just at bed time—
Later to pace the floor
All night
In anguish
For the suffering
And the slow progress
Of the war.
A prisoner in his office
With tortured soul
He restlessly felt
He could no longer
Hear those words
"All quiet on the Potomac."
His depression
Only relieved
By Tad's prattle
And pranks.
His noisy little sons
Clambering round him
Sometimes annoyed callers
But never Lincoln!
On April Fool's day 1861
Asked by Seward
To relinquish his powers
To him.
Later Seward remarking
"The President is the best of us."
The man who placed
His enemies
In high position
For the good of the country.
The man who often
Carried his boys pick-a-back
Through the streets
Of Springfield.
That simple soul
Who as a lawyer
Kept his correspondence
In his stove-pipe hat!
Saying to his partner
If you can't find things elsewhere
Look inside!
In his family life
Still wrapped in solitude.
Who in the White House
Answered the front door
For formal visitors
In shirt sleeves and bed slippers!
Who's desk was his foot stool—
The alcoves of which
Held what he called
"Leg cases."
"If God Almighty gave a man
A cowardly pair of legs,
How can he help
Their running away
With him?"
And so he pardoned!
"God bless President Lincoln"
Were the words found
On a dead soldier
Written under a picture
Of Lincoln.
A soldier
Spared the firing squad
To die in battle.
Hang Jeff Davis
To a sour apple tree
Was the cry—
But Lincoln said
Of the Confederates
Just "scare them off!"
"With malice toward none
And charity for all"

This great Republican
His heart filled
With gratitude
For the success
Of his cause
The Union saved—
The slaves freed
By his firm
And understanding wisdom.
In great humility
With weary body
He sought relief
And relaxation
At a play.
Peace had come!
The cruel war
Between brother countrymen
Was over.
To heal the wounds
From bloody conflict
For a United Nation
His warm heart
Was determined
That the South
Should have a square deal.
This man
So simple
That some
Could not understand him—
Who plodded the unbroken forest
Of the back woods
Through youthful hardships
To become the savior
Of our Nation.
At the last
Borne limply
From this place
Of amusement
To die
By the hand
Of an assassin.
Who's mortal remains
Were carried
In pomp
(Which in life
He had avoided)
That a sorrowing nation
Might look upon his face
And weep
Then the tomb
Where "Old Bob"
His horse
In place of honor
Walked behind the bier
To that last resting place.
Once again
The spirit of Lincoln
Walks abroad
For a
"New birth of freedom."
Where his unseen hand
Will hold aloft
Through all time
The torch of liberty
For the Union he saved.
As Stanton said
"Now he belongs to the ages"—
That true American
That great Republican
Abraham Lincoln—

Mary Bowditch Forbes
Milton, Massachusetts.

Reprinted from the Nantucket In-
quirer & Mirror, July 15, 1944

To the Warren from Mary Bowditch Forbes
Milton, Mass.

Ford, Joseph

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Solemn; sad; a prophet of the ages"

Boston Herald
Abraham Lincoln Feb 12, 1949

*Solemn; sad; a prophet of the ages,
He sits thinking and pondering.
Wiser was he than the ancient sages,
Greater than all the countless wandering
War gods of history's pages,
Taller was he than emperors bold,
Kinder was he than a thousandfold.
Stronger was he than the cannon's roar
And the tramp of marching feet.
Yet he was a man—nothing more.
But a man whose soul and mind could
meet
And know their guiding God of yore;
A man who knew the bitter and the
sweet,
A man who swept all mortals fore!*

JOSEPH FORD.

Fort, Walter S.

LINCOLN'S COUNSEL.

From Lincoln's kindly heart with eminence
Came stately lines of matchless eloquence,
And from his counsel we can safely glean
A steadfast course where Wisdom's ways are seen,
A path revealed, spirited, and benign,
That all by rightful choice seek to divine.

Vibrant with truth that graced his simple creed
With boundless faith and love, each thought and
deed

Gave evidence of virtue's claim and power,
A testament that proved the nation's dower,
Bequeathed with gifts beyond uncertain fame—
These prophetic precepts we still proclaim,
And heed his voice, that all the world may learn
His way of life . . . his spirit to discern.

Shelbyville.

WALTER S. FORT.

Fort, Walter S.

Immortal Lincoln

"Transcendent ~~with~~ eminence and
sublime"

IMMORTAL LINCOLN.

Transcendent with eminence and sublime,
Immortal Lincoln will through endless time,
With sure and stately steps in glory rise,
As recompense for martyred sacrifice.

Beyond the mystery of gifts possessed,
A greater love by him was manifest
For all of humankind. Through weighted cares
He visioned hope within his silent prayers.

Through future ages, men will ever hold
The selfsame spirit that his deeds unfold:
Genial, true, with faithfulness to all,
And ever heed the nation's higher call.

Shelbyville.

WALTER S. FORT.

Transcendent with eminence and sublime
2/6/44

Fort, Walter S.

Lincoln's Counsel

"From Lincoln's
kindly heart with
eminence."

9-1-1863
Lincoln's Counsel
LINCOLN'S COUNSEL.

From Lincoln's kindly heart with eminence
Came stately lines of matchless eloquence,
And from his counsel we can safely glean
A steadfast course where Wisdom's ways are seen,
A path revealed, spirited, and benign,
That all by rightful choice seek to divine.

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Gave evidence of virtue's claim and power,
A testament that proved the nation's dower,
Bequeathed with gifts beyond uncertain fame—
These prophetic precepts we still proclaim,
And heed his voice, that all the world may learn
His way of life . . . his spirit to discern.

Shelbyville.

WALTER S. FORT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In reverence the nation holds his name,
And justly will all timely honors share
With him, whose life, renowned and graced with
fame,

Breathes of devotions like a solemn prayer.

His was a resolute course to pursue,
Made manifest by all that faith conveys,
And what he viewed as right, he dared to do;
In calm repose he chose of wisdom's ways.

Out of time's darkness came the mercy call;
His heart spoke thus, in words clear and pro-
found;

"With malice toward none, with charity for all,"
Resolving that the nation's wounds be bound.

His golden deeds of service brightly gleam,
As we now contemplate his martyred ways
That won the nation's glorious esteem,
Her gratitude and universal praise.

Shelbyville. WALTER S. FORT.

And. S. S.
2/8/42

THE STATUE OF LINCOLN

Dark shadows on the crag like brow
Drifting to hover in the saddened eyes
Eyes fathomless as time yet gentle kind
As mist on the mouth so firm,so wise.

Compassionate Heart.'

You would reach out to help
These little minds that blunder so
Ah that you could give us succor
In our need
Could teach us that we might learn
and know

The way to everlasting peace
For weary hearts surcease
From pain and strife
Let shadows lift that you may help
to save
The country for whom you gave your
life.

By Colinette W. Foster

Cornelia W Foster

Colinette Wallon Fottu

STATUE OF LINCOLN

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The country for whom you gave your
life.

by Colinette W. Foster Jan 1981

Mrs. Colinet W Foster

A REMEMBRANCE.

By Walter S. Frazier.

A hundred years, Immortal Lincoln,
Have passed since thine own natal morn.
A hundred years of human progress
Thru which thy face shows, sad and
worn.

The task was one to daunt the bravest,
A fratrecidal strife to lead,
A nation's life was in the balance
And in its hour a direct need.

Thou ledst the fight, Immortal Lincoln,
The fight that made the black man free,
And wrought anew, into one nation,
A people cleft by slavery.

Thou'rt now at rest, thy troubles over,
But thy life's work will ever live,
America's thy lasting debtor,
And thee we loving homage give.

Editor's note.—These lines were contributed to The Aurora Beacon, by Mr. Frazier, in 1909, on the event of the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth.

Aurora (Ill) Beacon News

2/8/31

The Hartford Times
Hartford, Conn
2/12/60

Frank, Beryl

The Poet's Corner

MR. PRESIDENT

His homely face was etched with lines of pain
He suffered agonies with every fight
And each decision made did cost him dear
But this was war and time for men to die.
He never felt that war could set men free
Though troops were sent to fight at his
command
But once again, he saw the battles through
Despite the critics of his every move.
Yet when the lists of casualties arrived
This tall strong man felt pain for every one
He wept for all the mothers and their sons
He wept for wives and husbands on both sides
And though he lived to know there would be
peace
The price he paid in pain showed on his face.

BERYL FRANK

THE KNOB CREEK PLACE

To know the heart of a famous man
I come to his boyhood home and stand
In silence, in reverence, here to see
How he came to this life in simplicity.
Lincoln, whose memory spires will reach
Into the heavens there to teach
That honesty, courage, and vision, clear
Had it's beginning so simply here.
A little cabin with a single room
One lone window to bright the gloom
A huge fireplace where he must have gazed
Into the embers, the hickory razed.
"My earliest recollection" he said
"Is the Knob Creek place" I see his head
And his heart mellow the thought
"There in simplicity I was taught"

"This was the place that marked my soul
Many a day I faced the knoll
On the bend of the tiny, running creek
With it's song of life so pure and sweet.
Here I learned the touch of faith
Tho I know not in it's early wrath
Here I learned that wind and soil
Plus honesty was the mark of toil.
Here I grew 'till the heavens clear
Showed beyond the knob so near,
Then over the hill unto the west
Lincoln journeyed to meet the test....
The test of life and it's challenge strong
Of a world that needed right from wrong
And Lincoln rose to his famed place
But always there shone within his face
The touch of his early childhood hours
Which had molded and given him greater powers
Hallowed with time, precious and rare

And always kept for a secret prayer
The years past by, Lincoln is gone
But his deeds and stories shall live on;
It is winter now and the icy eaves
Drip with loneliness on the leaves,
But never will die the Knob Creek place
With it's simple hills where a hand will trace
The hand of Creator, call him God
On the Boy Lincoln, the common sod.

By
Guy L. Frederick

Abraham Lincoln

O matchless soul who blossomed in our land;
 Prophet, seer, statesman, counsel, leader, chief;
 High-couraged, dauntless, gentle, kind, serene;
 Fountain of wisdom, cheer, and homely wit;
 Firm hand of iron, cased in silken glove;
 Clear mind, by charity and justice ruled;
 Kindly in word, but swift and stern in deed;
 Lover of childhood, savior of the slave;
 Comrade of all humanity, world friend;
 Untouched by hate or malice, giving love
 To friend and foe alike, and, with barbed shaft
 Of sorrow sheathed in thy warm, loving heart—
 The truest, stanchest heart that ever beat—
 Flung brave defiance at Fate's worst mischance.

* * * * *

To thy great glory our "Old Glory" dips
 (The flag re-sewn by thee with faithful hands),
 While from our cannon belches loud salute
 To the Republic's grand, immortal son.

* * * * *

Thy people lift adoring souls to thee;
 Thy nation pours enduring gratitude;
 Thy country kneels to thee, dear Abraham;
 Thy name is paeon, creed, psalm, liturgy.

* * * * *

Thou art not dead: thy shining Self lives on;
 For whoso serves the race shall never ~~die~~;
 Proud Nature, in glad birth pang, gave thee life . . .
 Her sweetest, gentlest, noblest NOBLEMAN!

* * * * *

O LINCOLN, Thou White Flame, sublime, divine,
 Enthroned on high in splendor of thy fame;
 Above all other gods thy spirit's sheen
 Shall blaze through space for all eternity.

MAJ. W. E. PATTISON FRENCH, U. S. A., Retired.

msk blue Feb 12 - 1932

Frolich, Mary

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

"Here come that great American
day.

The Detroit News 2/2/57
Lincoln's Birthday
By Mary Frolich, 11 Years Old
Kosciusko Writers
Here comes that great American day,
The birthday of Lincoln, and our tribute
we'll pay.
He was a citizen brave and true,
And all his work was done for you.
"Honest Abe" was his nick-name,
And through hard work he rose to fame.
He was kind in his work and play,
So we must all remember him on that day.

*Abraham Lincoln**Written for The Christian Science Monitor**"Man of the people"—*

A humble man
Born in place
So lowly
That the light
Of day
Scarce entered
That log hut.

Some lowly men
Are born
With gift of prophecy—
To them is given
Intuition—insight—
Seers are they
In closer touch
With Deity
Than the multitude
Of fellow men.

Some lowly men
Are born
To rule with justice
And with equity—
To them is given
The grace
To stand so high
That petty strife
And malice
Cannot touch them.

Some lowly men
Are born
With hearts "of flesh"—
With love
For fellow men
So ingrained, deep
And true,
That this same love
Crowns them
With greatness
And with immortality.

"Man of the people"—
Such was our Lincoln—
A man so great
That only time
And distance
Have revealed
His greatness
And his immortality.

ELMER G. FURBUSH.

LINCOLN'S TOMB

I kneel before that solemn stone,
I hear a voice, it is his own,
It is not gay nor yet a dirge,
It comes from far off Gettysburg.

The Stars and Stripes soft breezes lave
In constant vigil above his grave;
From North to South, from East to West
Here lies the Heart the world loves best.

War drank its blood and silent grew,
Peace came to earth as morning dew,
When lo, the Captain, bleeding fell,
To join the ranks he loved so well.

Far overhead hang starlit skies,
Above his grave the night wind sighs;
There is a glory hovers there
Akin to graces after prayer.

—N. R. Furlong. 12

F., R. G.

THE OLD COURTHOUSE

"In the very heart of Dayton this majestic temple stands"



THE OLD COURTHOUSE

In the very heart of Dayton, this majestic temple stands

Where its classic architecture speaks the best of foreign lands,
Marking Dayton's first half-century with highest civic art,

With a promise for the future, greater grandeur to impart.

There in fifty-nine stood Lincoln, pleading bold for Freedom's cause

'Gainst the Little Giant Douglas, who'd subvert the nation's laws;

There he told with cogent logic that this nation partly free,

Could not long endure or prosper more than house on sand of sea;

There he spoke the doom of slavery, then a cancer in our land,

With its threat to kill the Union, spreading hate on every hand;

'Neath those grand Ionic columns, which the thoughtless would tear down,

There he uttered words of wisdom in that sad, divided town.

Ancient Greece where noble thinkers first taught people to be free—

Their republics perished; at a crossroads then stood we.

It was there, right there in Dayton, Freedom's torch blazed forth again

And the soul of Dayton listened and was stirred at Third and Main.

'Tis her noblest inspiration, Dayton's soul is in that shrine,

Now, will Dayton prove unworthy and destroy her mark divine?

R. G. F.

NOTE:—Abraham Lincoln spoke from the portico of the old courthouse to a crowd on the afternoon of September 17, 1859, replying to arguments of Senator Douglas of Illinois that slavery was protected by the Constitution. The courthouse, with its Grecian facade, Ionic columns, curious cantilever winding stone staircase and fortress construction, when completed in 1850 was "the finest structure in Ohio."

—Reprinted from Sunday News, November 11, 1945.

